

G * * Y' S - I N N

G A R E N S.

VISIONARY SATIRE.

By A L A D Y.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

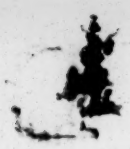
L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHORESS;

And sold by J. BEW, No. 28, in Pater-noster-Row.

MDCCLXXVIII.

1



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1



G**Y'S-INN GARDENS.



FANCY, gay *Goddeſs*! at whoſe ſhrine I bow,

(For who does *Fancy*'s empire not avow?)

Oh! deign to patronize my humble muſe,

And through each line thy airy train diſſuſe.

Conduct me, *Goddeſs*, to thoſe well-known groves,

The fam'd receptacle of *happy loves*;

And while the motley group I there ſurvey,

Oh! prithee, *Fancy*, with thy vot'ries ſtray;

Let me delineate with impartial pen,

And paint the fair as juſtly as the men;

That none may ſay, if aught theſe lines peruſe,

That *envy* actuates each *female* muſe:

For here I ſwear, by thee, and all the Nine,

No envy, or ill-nature, claims one line.

Ambition lords it in the female breast;
 And each fair hopes to be above the rest:
 I know my sex! --- I know 'em to a whim,
 And fear 'em equal as good folks do *sin*:
 I know, an insult they sometimes o'erlook,
 "But know no mortal that a flight could brook;"
 Hence come my doubts, who first of all to place,
 Or whether choose a *Venus* or a *Grace*!
 But since 'tis certain *one* must rule the roast,
 What say you, *Muse*, suppose we take the *Toast*?
 Or else the lady with the *mighty* mind,
 Altho' she prove the *smallest* of her kind?
 Yet *matter's* in *her* to supply an host
 Of better rhymers, in a better ---- *post*.
 Then be it her; the muse agrees; --- and she
 Is destin'd now my *heroine* to be.

Forgive me, fair ones, and accuse not me,
 Nor think I hold you in too small degree;
 I own your merits, I admit your claim,
 To be conspicuous in the front of fame!
 Like those fair stars, that sparkle in the sky,
 And claim the worship of th' admiring eye;

Yet,

Yet, when the potent *moon* emits *her* ray,
 Hide their *diminish'd* heads, and shrink away.
 Then cease to grieve, since *worlds* themselves obey,
 And own superiors, when superiors sway.
 Tho' *small* her stature, yet her *pride* exceeds,
 'Tis probable, much more than *good sense* needs ;
 " *Pride*, when *wit* fails, steps in to our defence,
 " And fills up all the mighty void of sense !"
 Not by the illusion mean I to debase,
 Or boast my knowledge of the speaking face :
 E'en tho' I did, my reader's too much sense
 To let his judgment be deriv'd from thence.
 If she has *wit*, it is a gift from *heav'n*,
 Tho' all the *world* may'nt know the *gift* was giv'n ;
 The only fault then with her head we find,
 Is --- that she keeps her *knowledge* from mankind.
 But for her *mind* ! the most malignant tongue
 Dares not advance, that ought in that is wrong.
 No burning envy, join'd to female art,
 Cou'd find a single or defective part ;
 For *Coquettella* never had a *heart* !
 Not so the object of *Coquette's* hate,
 Her heart had dignify'd a better state ;

And

And had LAVINIA but a form more fair,
 She'd gain the prize of all that flutters there.

Prudentia, mincing, matron-like, and wise,
 Would seem a *saint*, but for her *tell-tale eyes* :
 And though sometimes she learns them to disdain,
 The narrow *tucker*, 'lure you back again :
 Th' inticing, *variegated, ample breast* !
 Allures, tho' shaded by th' invidious vest.
 Believe me, *Prudia*, arts deform the fair,
 And no conceit with *nature* can compare ;
 An honest heart may fearless trace the globe ;
 'Tis *vice*, 'tis *vice*, that needs a borrow'd robe :
Nature pursue, let her wise dictates guide,
 And scorn those *fools* that nature would deride.
Beauty, at best, is but a fading flower,
 That buds, and blooms, and deadens in the hour ;
 And all the care the skilful florist boasts,
 Is to preserve it from a killing frost.
 But *Time*, thou great *proprietor* of *all* !
 No assiduity impedes thy call ;
 And all the fame that *beauty* gains to-day,
 Thy call *to-morrow* can dissolve away.

But

But lasting fame attend those happy few,
 Who live to learn, and what they *learn* pursue ;
 Who strive to fix their *empire* on the *mind*,
 On that strong *basis*, that yet ne'er declin'd.
 You *Robinettas*, took ye but less care
 To form the beauteous *texture* of your hair,
 And use that time, employ'd with so much art,
 To *magnify* a most *ignoble part* !
 In useful studies, ---- not divining *Boyle*,
 No, nor in puzzling *Monsieur Hoyle* ;
 Nor with the *Sciences* perplex your *brain*,
 Nor court the *Muses*, lest they should *disdain* ;
 But take some *book* that learns, yet don't perplex,
 That learns, that *dress* and *pride* deform the sex ;
 Then take gay *Stanhope*, in whose lines you'll trace
 The polish'd manner, and the finish'd grace ;
 He'll paint those niceties that suit the fair,
 And shew that *dress* and *dirt* do ill compare ;
 Read him, I say, ---- his betters after him,
 Gain more *sound sense*, --- and lose a little *whim* ;
 Be proud of *wisdom*, not of being fair ;
 Be just not *Sappho*, nor just what you *are* !
 Strive what you can, no matter for the rest,
 Be not extreme, ---- " the middle way's the best."

For thee, *fair maid*! ah, still pursue the line
 You ever trod, nor quit yourself to shine;
 That *charm* shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
 Flaunts, and goes down, a disregarded thing.
 " So, when the *Sun's* broad beam has tir'd the fight,
 " All mild ascends the *moon's* more *sober* light;
 " Serene in *virgin* modesty she shines,
 " And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines."
 Thus having said, well pleas'd it to rehearse,
 I thank'd the generous poet for his verse;
 And in disgust at all the rest I saw,
 Turn'd on my heel, resolving to withdraw;
 When my *Conductress*, with her magic wand,
 Tapt on my cheek, and bade me to return:
 Behold! cry'd she, and to my eyes present,
 A set, unworthy of the *last* contempt.
 I rais'd my hand, and with a head averse;
 " Excuse me, *Goddebs*, they'd disgrace my verse;
 " Devoid of *modesty*, devoid of *sense*,
 " With human forms made up with *ignorance*;
 " No, I disdain to *prostitute* my pen,
 " And blush to death, to spoil one *thought* on them!
 " Besides, they claim my *pity*, not my *rhyme*,
 " *Satire* should sacrifice at *pity's* shrine;

" For

“ For those whom *modesty* and *truth* disdain,

“ Are gone *too far* for poets to reclaim.”

But here's a subject, that invites the muse
To sing her praise; what muse could e'er refuse?

Mark but her countenance, serenely calm,
Awes without *beauty*, yet ne'er fails to *charm*:

Her face, the emblem of her lovely *soul*,
And her fair soul the emblem of the *whole*!

Be grateful, *Chloe*, for the gifts of heaven,
That heav'n to you so lib'rally has given;
Know your own *bliss*, be worthy of your fate,
And be as high in *merit* as you'r *great*.

“ 'Tis education forms the common mind;

“ As the twig bends, so is the tree inclin'd:

Had poor *Simplicia* been taught to know,
The well bred lady don't depend on show.

That *sense*, good manners, modesty, adorn,
And form the *lady*, tho' a beggar born;

And tho' their calling, be it what it will,
If they have *those*, they form the *lady* still:

That all the pompous mockery of dress,
Or all the pageantry we can express,

Can't

Can't hide a little envious *pride-puff'd* heart,
 Or make a wise man love, with all her art :
 Reprove, e'er late, this littleness and pride,
 All those that's mention'd, all the rest beside ;
 For trust me, *Simplia*, all the world with me,
 The *better* of the world in this agree.---
 Observe the pair, thro' yonder vista's shade !
 No borrow'd arts adorn the *lovely* maid ;
 No, she disdains to be admir'd when drest,
 For loveliness when unadorn'd the best.
 See with what grace she trips it o'er the green !
 " She moves a *Goddeſs*, and she looks a *Queen* ! "
 A simple linen forms the well-*ſtarch'd* gown,
 With *callimanco* of the ruſſet brown :
 No phoenix ſcents of *Warren*s does ſhe bear,
 For native *fragrance moiſts* her varied hair ;
 As by ſhe moves, ſoft breezes catch the gale,
 And all *Pandora*, *Fuſſock* doth exhale.
 The *lovely youth*, true emblem of his mate,
 Struts by her ſide in all the *Fuſſock* ſtate.
 Ye *graceful pair* ! ah, ſtill purſue to ſhed
 The ambient diſtillations of your head !
 And deign, oh, deign for ever to appear,
 The *Fuſſocks ſleek* and *warm* from *Devonſhire*.

But

But who, in all that *wanton* comes this way?
Fancy attend, and let's the group survey.
 By *Momus* self, I never saw before,
 A set so laughable as are these four;
 Mark you that lady, in the *black* and *white*,
 She is a *widow*, by the *rule of right*!
 The dress she wears is emblem of her *woe*,
 Nor is that emblem *purely* meant for show;
 In her *mind's* eye 'tis present to her sight,
 And take their equal turns by *day* and *night*!
 The other fair, who stalks in *majesty*,
 With *front erect*, and *voice of tragedy*:
 She is *no widow*, nor *no maid*, nor *wise*,
 And yet she's *honest* I could lay my life;
 Oh! I could swear she's blest with *virtuous grace*,
 For *self-denial* strongly marks her *face*;
 And ev'ry turn of her *Herculean* form,
 Denotes for sportive love she was not born.
 Far different he, the *pretty Cecisbe*,
 He swims for ever in the *milky way*!
 By nature *soft*, and *pliant* like his *mind*,
 His *head's* directed by the *varying wind*!
 Oh! he's the idol of the *widow'd fair*,
 So *light*, so *fit*, so form'd for *summer-ware*!

But woman's fickle, and will please her whim,
 Else whence in favour first came *corp'ral Trim*?
 For sure the contrast is as wide 'twixt them,
 As is the contrast betwixt them and *men*;
 As is the contrast 'twixt all *four* and *sense*,
 Or as is *modesty* and *impudence*:
 * Why not take pattern frolic, giggling set,
 Of those two *solemn* people you just met?
 Pensive their mein, most solemn is their treads,
 And very *weighty* seem their *wat'ry heads*:
 No *smile* or *giggle* on their cheeks are seen,
 But mute as *mac'rel*, mince they o'er the green!
 Next come their kindred, in the self-same strain,
 "And *awful silence* blackens all the train.
 Oh! learn from these *Simonides*', learn,
 Nor more in fire of *wanton frolic burn*.

But soft a-while, what *godlike* form appears!
 At whose approach each female visage cheers?

* The authorefs begs leave to observe, the two solemn people eluded to are a male and female; and not, as might be rashly conjectured from the words --- "Next come their kindred," &c. --- some amiable young ladies, whose well known *good sense* and conduct must everlastingly exempt *them* from the pen of *ridicule*.

See with what *anxious* eye, what quicken'd pace,
 They strive to view my *little Acres* face!
 Well, well, they may, for he's our favourite care,
 And he, in *gratitude*, *protects* the fair :
 'Tis *Mars* himself, the much lov'd *Mars*, we've seen,
 The *polish'd*, *scented*, --- *modern Mars I mean!*
 None of your *fierce*, courageous, killing men,
 Who feed on blood, and all they see condemn ;
 Far different he, the gentler *G--ys-Inn Mars* ;
 He *scorns* your trophies, your triumphal cars,
 Nor will he *deign* to accept what *heroes* wear,
 " Ensign of *war!* and *favourites* of the fair ;"
 But all dependent on his *conscious* might,
It sees no cause to shew, *it dare to fight!*
 " The world all knows," cry'd he, " I dare to be
 " As great a *puppy* as the world can see !
 " That I diurnally both say and do,
 " Such things as others might repent of too :
 " Why is it so? 'tis obvious to fame,
 " They fear my *prowefs*, and they dread my *name.*" ---
 Not so, vain *thing!* the reason learn from *me*,
 They hold it *base* to cane a *thing like thee!*
 A *paltry*, unimportant, abject fool !
 Beneath the *chastisement* of *fashion's* rule :

If any doubt that I debase you, --- *youth* !
 The *Wh**e-Ha*t* fracas will proclaim its truth !
 But whither go I ? stop a-while my pen,
 Tire not the muse ; but try to change my theme.
 The muse is sick, fatigu'd to death with rhyme,
 Which only tends the foolish to define :
 Exalt thy mind, and take a nobler ken,
 Dare to investigate *superior men* ;
 And let the humblest of the *sappick train*,
 The humblest offering at *Apollo's* fane,
 Boldly presume to pen her ev'ry thought,
 Unaw'd by threatnings, --- or by promise bought.

'Tis thought, and justly, I should chuse some *beau*
 To be my *hero* --- well, then be it so :
 I've got a *hero*, suitable I trust ;
 " Let *Dunce* the *second* reign like *Dunce the first* :"
 Yes, they shall match, for match'd they ought to be,
 The *hero* and the *heroine* should agree.
 One then I've chose from all the *demi* race,
 To be the *hero*, and this work to *grace*.
 Ah ! were I blest'd with *Pope's* unequal skill,
 Who wrote our failings, and yet charm'd us still,

Or

Or with the *Dean's*, so droll, so full of glee,
 So saucy, whimsical, so just and free;
 Or with *fam'd Juvenal's*, of distant age,
 Who never penn'd a single serious page:
 Then I might hope to paint, in due degree,
 A *thing* that's form'd so *wonderful as thee!*
 That heav'n formed all, from man to worm,---is true;
 Then wherefore doubt that heav'n should form e'en you?
Conclude we then, her *dameship* first began,
 But being for materials hardly run,
 Took all the *scraps*, the *very ends* of nature,
 And so made up *this strange amphibious creature*.
 This nature's *patch-work*, and this *reason's ape*
 Enjoys the *curse of fools*, --- a *good estate!*
Nature in this, and all the rest alike,
 Ne'er fail'd to act but what was good and right;
 Else why are wits with *poverty* so pleas'd?
 Or why are rich men with possessions teas'd?
 There's not a *wretch*, that bears the mark of *G--d!*
 But each may boast his *evil* and his *good*:
 Nature to all, impartially, has giv'n
 Some flatt'ring *hope*, --- that *hope* their *promis'd heav'n*;
 Or how could he his own existence bear?
 Tho' he can *boast, seven hundred pounds a year!*

Disdain'd by age, and ridicul'd by youth!
 Without *one friend*, who'd stoop to tell him truth;
 A wretch so hateful, that e'en *females scorn*,
 Nor can his *money* make him *there* be borne.
 Yet e'en this *thing* enjoys, with all his kind,
 Some share of blifs, to humanize his mind;
Nature's bestow'd so *small a part of sense*,
 He's richly blind to his own impotence!
 And all that void, where ev'ry noble art
 Is treasur'd up, to dignify the heart;
 Haply for him, instead of conscious shame,
 Is fill'd with *pride*, and *pride's detested train*.---
 Ah! let me quit this work- the *last* and *worst*
 That heaven e'er form'd, or *ever will* I trust.

But who to choose, of all this herd of men,
 I' *exalt* my thoughts, and *dignify* my theme,
 I'm still perplex'd, --- for *men*, as well as *we*,
 When precedents invite --- *can disagree* :
 Who most deserves the second in my lay,
 Of all you *legal* men, 'tis hard to say.
 Say, is it *you*, thou *spawn* of *legal sway* ;
 Thou *guilded little mushroom* of a day !

Whose

Whose mind's as little as thy pigmy self,
 With insolence to *poise* thy father's pelf ;
 Perhaps 'tis you ; why, faith, to say the truth,
 You'r near ally'd to *my first hopeful youth*.

Yet I'll be just, and give the *devil* his *due*,
 He's many vices, which you never knew,
 And a far greater *fool* than even *you*.

Then pine not, *Isaac*, for so will the fates,
 You'r still the *second* in the *school for apes* ;
 And if you still continue to pursue
 The line of conduct you've so wisely drew,
 In time, *no monkey* will contend with you.

But are there *none* deserve the muse's praise ;
 Must all combine to fade and blast the *bays* ?
 Oh ! no, there are, --- and many who may claim
 The *first* of poets to resound their fame ;
 Yes, surely yes, *good sense*, to *manners* join'd,
 Exalt the specie, and sublime the mind :
 And when *good sense*, *good manners*, *conduct*, aim
 To gain the *heart*, all must admit their claim ;
 Such stand *some few*, who with diurnal round,
 Grace with their presence G**y's-Inn's favour'd ground.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd is the *muse*, in these degenerate days,
 To know with *truth*, she dare *some few* to praise ;
 More pleas'd is *she*, who, by the *muse inspir'd*,
 Enjoys the power which she so much desir'd ;
 For sure that heart's devoid of *generous* thought,
 That's only pleas'd depicting what is *nought* :
 For me, I own, when e'er I *paint* the bad,
 My heart responsive echoes, and I'm sad ;
 But when *fair virtue* wooes me to her shrine,
 Quick flows the lay, --- and all my heart is thine.
 Ah, lovely virtue, heaven directed maid !

* * * * *

If then *such offerings* at thy shrine I pay,
 Sure I am pleas'd when virtue claims my lay.
 Oh ! would to G-d, I could with truth declare,
 My *sex's merits* might exact their share ;
 But I must own (while burning blushes dye
 My cheeks with crimson, and big heaves the sigh,)
 My sex (the major part) disgrace their name,
 And all their study tends to blast their fame ;
 To be *conspicuous* is, I grant, their prayer,
 But how ? --- to be the *first* of those who're fair !

If they've a *cap* that's first in *taste* and *height*,
 No matter for the *sense*, it takes the *fight* !
 If they've a *gown* that amply sweeps the ground,
 And takes a wide circumference around !
Beaux will behold it with a wondering eye !
 And *women* view with an *envious* sigh !
 Enough for me, cries *Flora*, if I please
 The *beaux* of *fashion*, and the *ladies* tease ;
 Enough for me, if I can gain the skill,
 To *lisp*, to *totter*, *dress*, and *play quadrille* ;
 Those, those, are charms that *beaux* and *belles* admire,
 And those and beauty all that I desire ;
 For *wit* and *sense*, let those unhappy few,
 Who're *poor* and *ugly*, such sad *stuff* pursue ;
 Give me to *shine* the foremost in the *Park*,
 And catch each *gay*, *light meteor* of a *spark* !
 This is the language of the *Flora* age,
 E'en from the *preface* to the *finis page* ;
 Some few exceptions, I am pleas'd to say,
 Dispel the odium that *ennui* our day ;
 Shine like the *sun*, th' unrivall'd orb of light,
 Cheers the gloom'd hearts, and vivify's the fight.
 Yet *British fair*, kind nature's favour'd few,
 Born with such merits as might worlds subdue,

Were you content with your own *face* and *form*,
 And strive your mind and manners to adorn,
 Believe me, *fair ones*, empires might admire,
 And *Eastern monarchs British maids* desire. ---
 Thus as I mus'd, and different pictures caught,
 Or as I *thought*, for it was only thought,
 Just then came *Betty*, gave her *mistress* light,
 And *fancy's vision* vanish'd from my sight:
 I started, --- call'd for pen and ink, with speed,
 And so wrote down the *Vision* you now read.

I N T R O



